THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2484 *Friday, Nov.* 27, 1829. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

THE Tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, was acted at this house, last evening, with great ability; after which, the Ballet called *Evening Revels*, and the Drama of *The Brigand.*—The house was respectably attended.

Covent Garden Theatre.

LAST night at this house a new Historical Drama called *The Royal Fugitive; or, The Rights of Hospitality*, was brought out, with but indifferent success. It is an alteration of a very weak play called *The Wanderer*, which was never popular, nor do we think the present version of it, at all likely to be more fortunate. The scene is laid in the castle of the Duke of Athol in the Island of Sky, whither the Pretender who is closely pursued by the soldiers of goverment after the disastrous battle of Culloden, flies for shelter. The Duchess (Miss E.Tree) in the absence of her husband, not only grants him shelter, but effectually to elude the suspicions of General Campbell, (Wood,) the commander of the Government Forces, passes the Royal Fugitive off for the Duke himself. This plan is assisted by Flora Macdonald (Miss Cawse) and Sandy, (J. Russell,) the latter of whom conducts Prince Charles (Mr. Warde,) through a subterranean passage to the Sea Shore, but they are intercepted by the soldiers, and compelled to return to the Castle.

Information is brought General Campbell that a man has been arrested under suspicious circumstances, in a neighbouring island, who calls himself the Duke of Athol, and that he is on his way to the castle to be confronted with his family. This news confounds the Duchess, and the Royal Fugitive, but as no means of escape are at hand, they are obliged to face the danger of discovery. On the entrance of the Duke, (Diddear,) he immediately recognizes the unfortunate Prince, but remembering that the Prince had once saved his life, determines to favor the deception. Sandy then enters, and secretly informs the Prince that the French squadron is once more off the coast, and conducts him again from the castle, and with better success, for just as Duke William, (Horrebow,) by his arrival and recognition of his friend, the Duke of Athol, had made apparent to Gen. Campbell the deceit put upon him, Sandy returns with a pencilled note from the Prince to Lady Athol, announcing his safety, and the piece ends with Duke William assuring Lady Athol he will plead for her pardon from the King his brother.

Of the acting in the Drama we cannot speak very highly. Miss E. Tree, excepting in one scene, made little or nothing of her part, and seemed satisfied with walking over the course. We remember the acting of the inimitable Mars as *Lady Athol*, in *Edouard en Ecosse*, and therefore felt doubly dissatisfied with Miss Tree's feeble acting in the part. Mr. Warde, as the Prince, we believe, did his utmost, but that did not amount to much. Wood acted as well, if not better, than any of the other performers, and sang very sweetly;—he was twice encored; we say *he* was, for though one of the encores was a duet with Miss Cawse, we are sure that lady had but a small share of the applause due to her. She is so inarticulate, whilst singing, that she might just as well sing Cherokee as English, for not one word can be distinguished.—Why does she not copy her sister, the charm of whose singing is distinct articulation. The music is all old, but selected with good taste by Stansbury from popular Scotch airs.—The Drama was given out for Saturday with moderate applause. The Ballet of *Patrick's Return*, and *Home, sweet Home*, followed.—The house was thin.

Mr. Kean has kindly offered to play three nights next week to aid the Drury Lane establishment—Monday, Wednesday and Friday.—The Covent Garden arrangements would not permit his performing there on those evenings.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, I address you from the Cigar Divan, King-street, Covent Garden, having just popt in to take a cup of Coffee, whiff a true Havannah, kill an hour over one or two of the Morning and Evening Papers—skim the Magazines, and play a game of Chess—delightful place— —Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

On Monday, must take another peep at the two new views, at the DIORAMA, Regent's Park—was puzzled to decide which was the most beautiful, St. Peter's, or the Village of Thiers—both exquisitely painted—the pictorial illusion complete—the water flowing, smoke ascending, sun shining—quite nature itself.—Had difficulty to persuade a fair lady next me, that we were really viewing merely pictures. Shall put off my journey to Italy, as I'm told, *sub rosa*, we shall have other views from that classic soil; and if as good as St. Peter's will satisfy me.

On Tuesday, I drop into the Exhibition of SCULPTURE, in Old Bond Street, to view the figures, life size, of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny—work of a self-taught artist, James Thom—delighted beyond measure—fully expected to hear Tam's uproarious laugh—the expression so perfect; *posse* of figures admirable. Whoever has read Burns, (and who has not?) must see them—This very ingenious Exhibition closes in the course of a few weeks.

On Friday, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

I daily, between 1 and 4, qualify Mrs. Pry's discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found at *The Apollonicon*, 101, St. Martin's Lane.—Market and Fishermen's Chorus, from the Opera of Masaniello, enchanting!

'Bring me, my love, a bottle of *Godfree's* all potent,' thus I exclaim after my day's perambulation—I toast my King 'God bless him'—Mrs. P. sips, smiles, and declares, the Wines from the *London and Westminster Mart*, inspire her—she delights me with Moore's Planxty, 'Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,' &c.—but I intrude—beg pardon. Your's, PAUL PRY.

Printed and Published by E. Thomas, Denmark Court, Exeter-street Strand.
All Communications must be post paid.—Printing in General.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, the Tragedy of

Romeo and Juliet.

Preceded by the Overture to Zauberflote.

Prince Escalus, Mr HORREBOW,
Paris, Mr DURUSET, Capulet, Mr EGERTON,
Romeo, Mr ABBOTT,
Mercutio.....Mr C. KEMBLE,
Montague, Mr TURNER, Benvolio, Mr BAKER,
Friar Lawrence, Mr WARDE,
Tybalt, Mr DIDDEAR, Friar John, Mr MEARS,
Apothecary, Mr MEADOWS,
Page, Miss Fortescue, Balthazar, Mr Irwin,
Abram, Mr Heath, Samson, Mr Atkins,
Peter, Mr KEELEY.

Juliet, (her 24th appearance) Miss FANNY KEMBLE,
Nurse, Mrs DAVENPORT.
Lady Capulet.....Miss LACY.

In Act I. a Masquerade and Dancee,
Incidental to the Piece.

In Act V. The Funeral Procession of Juliet, and a Solemn Dirge.

After which, the Opera of

JOHN OF PARIS.

John of Paris, Mr WARDE,
Grand Chamberlain.....Mr J. RUSSELL,
Pedrigo Potts, Mr KEELEY,
Gregory, Mr MEARS, Theodore, Mr HENRY,
Philip, Mr PURDAY,
Vincent.....Miss FORDE.
Princess of Navarre.....Miss CAWSE,
Rosa, Miss H. CAWSE.

In Act II--An Incidental Ballet.

To-morrow, The Royal Fugitive, The Waterman, & The Poachers.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening the Comic Opera of The

Lord of the Manor.

Trumore, Mr SINCLAIR,
Sir John Contrast, Mr W. FARBEN, Young Contrast, Mr JONES,
Rashley, Mr INCLEDON, Rental, Mr YOUNGE,
Ralph, Mr WEBSTER, Corporal Drill, Mr YARNOLD,
La Nippe, Mr BROWNE, Serjeant Sash, Mr C. JONES,
Annette, (2d time,) Miss BETTS, Sophia, Mrs BEDFORD,
Peggy, Miss GRADDON, Moll Flaggon, Mr LISTON.

In the course of the Opera the following Songs and Duets.
Once a Knight, & The Dashing White Serjeant,—Miss Betts.
No joy without my love,—Mrs Bedford.
Duet—Hark the merry bells, (with Miss Betts)
I once was a maiden..... .....Miss Graddon.
Love among the roses, Wilt thou meet me there love, and The Soldier's Gratitude—Mr Sinclair.
When first this humble roof I knew,&Encompassed in an angel's frame Mr Incledon.

After which, a new Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

Prince Bianchi, (Governor of Rome,) Mr W. FARREN,
Albert, } Students of the French Academy { Mr H. WALLACK,
Theodore, } of Painting, { Mr J. VINING,
Nicolo, Mr WEBSTER, Fabrio, Mr HUGHES,
Count Caraffa, Mr. C. JONES, Cardinal-Secretary, Mr FENTON,
Alessandro Massaroni, (The Brigand Chief,) Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, (his Lieutenant,) Mr BEDFORD,
Spoletto.....Mr BLAND, Carlotti.....Mr YARNOLD,
Matteo, Mr Howell, Officer, Mr Cathie, Servant, Mr Honner,
Brigands—Messrs. Barnes, Bartlett, Wielend, Robinson, Gifford, Ashton, Walsh, East, Nelson, Eaton, Henshaw, Sheriff, &c.
Ottavia, (Prince Bianchi's Niece,) Miss FAUCIT,
Maria Grazie, (the Brigand's Wife,) Mrs W. BARRYMORE.

To conclude with the Farce of

Comfortable Lodgings.

Sir Hippington Miff, Mr LISTON, Derville, Mr LEE,
Captain Bonassus, Mr BENNETT, Mons. de Caché, Mr BROWNE,
Rigmarole, Mr HARLEY, Roué, Mr WEBSTER,
Bombardier Babillard, Mr TAYLEURE, Gregory, Mr HUGHES.
Antoinette, Mrs FAWCETT, Madame Bonassus, Mrs C. JONES.

To-morrow, (first time) The Follies of Fashion.)